



Ouch...

Oh
dear...

Home,
sweet home.

Cati?

Uh?







Ah,
Andreas!

You had to see me
the day I suffered the worst
humiliation of my life,
of course.



What
happened?



Your friend...
Mr Nero... Don't
trust him.



He told me that
riding a bicycle was easy
and that he'd hold me
the whole time.

But it was
A LIE.



I wanted to
learn so that one day
I would be able to ride along
with a herd of deer and be
considered one of them!





There...
there aren't deer
in this area...



The dream is
over now.

I crashed into
the school.



I can still hear
the laughter of *those*
little demons.

And the
pain!

I'll never be able
to sit down again.
I'll have to spend my
life standing!



Andreas,
I can't overcome
the humiliation,
I just can't.

Sniff...

If you ever
cared about me at all,
I beg you: give me
death.



I hope you find
happiness and marry
another woman when
I'm gone.

*Except that
cheese-maker lady,
she once said that I'm
an attention-seeker.*



*Is she
all right?*





Cati, allow me
introduce you to
Héctor and Emilia,
my parents.



So...



... does this house
belong to your mentor,
Miss Abbot?



Yes, I'm
taking care of it
until she returns.

She's a famous
anthropologist and is
always travelling.

Do you like
travelling,
madam?



I can't say
I do.

Where is the joy in
meeting strange people
and sleeping in
hard beds?

What's the point
of leaving the comfort
of your own home?



I-I see...

By the way,
I'm so sorry I couldn't
offer you tea or coffee;
I didn't expect to
have guests...



Don't worry,
Miss, water
is fine.

I imagined
you'd offer us
*fried bugs and wine
made with lizards.*



Do you like
fried bugs?
Because —

Father!



Excuse us,
Miss Abbott, but
we're a little... disappointed
because we had to learn that
our son is engaged from
someone else.



Father, I've already
told you that I wanted
to tell you in person!

Mateo shouldn't
have said anything.



The boy thought
we knew.

At least he told us
about Miss Abbott's
background.



No offense, Miss,
but as parents we're concerned:
your origins, education and personal
manners are not what we expected
for our son's future wife.

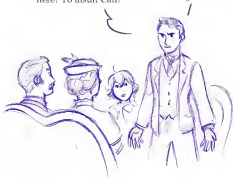
We're understandably...
surprised.



All right,
it's enough!

Is this why you
asked me to bring you
here? To insult Cati?

We're going back
home right now.



Fine, let's go home.
Apparently nobody cares
about our concerns or
feelings.



Wait a
moment!

Andreas, would you
kindly go to the kitchen
and check if there are some
biscuits somewhere?



I think we really
need cake, but I don't
have any.

I mean —

Okay. I'll be back
in a minute.





All right,
let's have a
real talk.





Dear Andreas' parents,
I'm sorry you've found out
about our engagement
this way.

But let me tell you
that my intentions
with your son are
honorable.



I understand
your concerns.



You invested
a lot of time and effort
to make a high quality
human being.

*A++ quality,
if you ask me.*



You must be proud
of yourselves, you produced
an impeccable work! Such
eyes, am I right?

And his
voice!



*T-Thank
you...?*

You're thinking:
is this the perfect woman
we dreamt of for our son?
Is she his other half?



Well,
I'm not.



I'm an ordinary
person. I don't even
think people need
another half!

He's complete
and neither of us needs
the other to be a
whole person.



Then...



Then why
are you going to
marry him?



Because he's
my favourite
person.



I'm happier
when he's
around.



And I think
he's happier when
he's with me.



I'm not saying
that he hasn't got flaws
though; he definitely
has!

Well, that's
true.

Indeed.





But his virtues
are superior and
plentiful.

Oh, and also
he makes me
laugh.



I'm not going
to ask you for his hand
because he doesn't belong to you,
but I'd love to have your
approval, dear parents
of Andreas.



Son, your fiancée
is something else!



I know,
right?



Good
bye!

*And sorry again
for the expired
biscuits!*



Excuse me,
I'll catch up with you
in a moment.



Did you
forget anything?



Yes, I forgot
to thank you and
apologize for coming
uninvited.



I think
I've earned the right
to poke around your
medical stuff.

Five minutes.
And no touching.



And
also...







Pffhaha!



Good night!

Nights!



*I thought it would be interesting
to draw only with the purple pencil,
but I think I'm going back to the old
purple-black combo.*





@maripaz_villar



patreon.com/Maripaz_Villar



Miss Abbott and the doctor

STORY + ART

🌿 Maripaz Villar 🌿

[Proofreader: Kiley Venables]